THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

July, 1802.

MADAME LE BRUN.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MADAME Le Brun has long ranked as the first portrait painter of the French school, and is deservedly distinguished for great literary acquirements, and those elegant accomplishments that peculiarly adorn the sex.

Although her pencil has not produced any historical pieces of eminence, or been exercised with éclat on subjects which belong to the higher branches of the art, it has finished many pleasing landscapes, and some happy imitations of original paintings by Titian and Guido.

Her portraits are principally valued for fidelity of resemblance and substantial colouring; and she has had the honour of taking more portraits of royal and illustrious personages than any modern artist in Europe.

Madame Le Brun has, within a short time, returned to Paris, after a residence of many years in St. Petersburgh, where she enjoyed the patronage and esteem of the Empress Catharine, and realised a considerable fortune. It is, we understand, the intention of this lady to visit England in the course of the present year.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from vol. viii. p. 238.]

Horatio Ponsonby, Esq. to Lady Margaret Ponsonby.

"HOW often, my dearest aunt, has your warning voice attempted the vain task of alarming the daring spirits of myself and St. Julian, of the destructive effects which would follow our long career of vice and folly! My friend is now drawing near that tremendous precipice, from whence he is to plunge into a state as eternal as unknown. He yesterday burst a second blood vessel; and stretched upon that painted sofa, yet wet with the tears of lamenting love, he in vain implores a short respite from that death which he so lately implored. For myself, I am all consternation and horror. I look on with awe, pity, and dread: I see him in the blaze of youth, his eye yet brilliant, and his cheek in bloom: I see him descending to the grave, like the flower of the field, untimely severed from its parent root. And, what adds to the agony of the scene, this rapid change in my unhappy friend was brought about by the means which human foresight would have supposed the most likely to end his miseries. End them, indeed! But ah, in what a close! That warm and beating heart, that graceful form, will find its only shelter in the cold bosom of the grave!

"Three days ago, whilst St. Julian and myself were sauntering down the Wimbledon road, we perceived a curricle driving furiously along, and heard the screams of a lady who sat in it; whilst the man who drove was thrown out, at the turning of a post, with a most dreadful jerk. In a moment we both flew forwards; but St. Julian being swifter of foot than I was, he had reached the horses' heads, and, with a violent exertion of his own, stopped the carriage before I got up. We cut the traces, and giving the

the animals into the care of the servant, who had now risen, and appeared unhurt, I was turning towards the lady, who had fainted, when I saw the bosom of my friend deluged with blood. I hastened towards him, and had just placed his drooping head upon my breast, when the alarmed lady, opening her eyes, and self-recovering from the effects of her fright, seeing the condition of one of her preservers, leaped out of the carriage, and hurrying to the spot on which I knelt, (St. Julian having sunk almost suffocated to the ground,) she anxiously enquired how the gentleman had been hurt. I could not find words for a reply; but, by her assistance, at length found means to stop the blood, which was flowing from the lacerated lungs of my friend: and when he was able to articulate, he informed us, with a hesitating voice, and almost death-sealed eyes, that, in seizing the reins, the pole of the carriage had struck him with such violence on the chest as, he supposed, had occasioned that rupture in his already tortured breast. As he concluded, he slowly looked up, and perceiving the lady, who assisted me to uphold him, he fixed his eyes in terrific amaze; and then snatching the snowy hand which was resting on his heaving bosom, he pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed, "Is it thee, dear idolized Mary! Is it thee that I have saved at the hazard of my life? Then welcome, death, since I die for her whose absence rendered existence insupportable!"

"In fact, my dear Madam, this was my friend's long-loved, long-deplored mistress.

"Her tears followed this fond apostrophe of his heart; and grasping his cold hand to her own throbbing breast, with a blushing cheek, she desired me to assist her to bear St. Julian to a house. By the assistance of some men from a neighbouring cottage, we accomplished our task. The melancholy procession reached Roseville Cottage; and, from that hour to this, my unhappy friend has been hovering with a

fearful and reluctant spirit over the verge of eternity. Mary and her mother (whom she immediately summoned from their new villa on Wimbledon Common) have been the constant guardians of his couch. With streaming eyes, the lovely girl at one moment sooths her lover with presages of returning health; and in the next she will fly into the adjoining room, and beseech heaven for fortitude to bear a shock which, she foresees, will be inevitable.

"Adieu, my dear aunt: I hear the plaintive voice of my friend calling me, and Mary bidding me haste. I can only add, that I am ever

"Your's,

"HORATIO PONSONBY."

Roseville Cottage.

(To be continued.)

PHYSIOGNOMY.

ALTHOUGH the science of physiognomy has, among other branches of literature, enjoyed the support of the learned, at almost every period in which learning was cultivated, it fell into disrepute with other subjects, such as magic and alchemy, now very properly exploded as fantastic theories. The amiable and enthusiastic Lavater has however revived it, and since the publication of his very ingenious work, it has attracted a very considerable degree of general attention, and is considered by many as a very valuable branch of real knowledge.

D'Argonne says, "there is nothing more deceptious than physiognomy; and those who pretend to possess the art of knowing the mind and manners of persons by the traits of their countenance, often deceive themselves, and those that believe them. Whatever the advocates for physiognomy may say, there cannot

cannot be any certain rules of the science; and after studying those that are laid down with the greatest perseverance and care, experience and a thousand examples will prove their fallacy.

"What first induced me," continues our author, "to reflect on this subject, was from a knowledge I had of two brothers. One of them had a most inviting countenance, but was the greatest villain that ever existed; and the other, who had a most forbidding countenance, was a very phœnix of honesty. Since this example, I have made a number of similar observations on various persons, and have found that, for one of whose features we may judge properly, six will deceive us."

The physiognomists confess, that this observation is true with respect to manners, because education frequently effects very remarkable changes; but with regard to the mind, which is not so easily changed by study, and though familiar with the sciences, continues the same, they say, we may with certainty have recourse to the features to discover its character.

It must be allowed, that we may more easily, and with greater certainty, judge of the mind by physiognomy, than of the peculiar manners of men. But in this we may also be very often mistaken, as must be evident to every unprejudiced person. As a proof, let any one examine the faces of the most learned men, and then let them candidly declare, whether there are not many whom they would have taken to be absolutely ignorant.

There are many men of very great sense who have not the least indication of it in their countenance; and others who appear profoundly learned, but possess very trivial abilities, or none. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to go frequently into company, and make the observation.

When Lavater's work appeared, it was attacked by M. Formey, in the Berlin Transactions for the year 1775. His strictures and objections are strong, and worthy very particular notice.

He admits, that the fibres of the body are influenced and intimately connected with the character of the mind. "But," says he, "our frame is liable to so many accidents by which it may be altered or modified, that have no connection with the disposition or talents of the person who may be exposed to them, that it far surpasses human skill to distinguish between such modifications as are, and such as are not, connected with the mind; and therefore, although there may be truth in the science of physiognomy, the Deity alone can be a physiognomist."

He also observes, that "our cast of features is liable to be determined by the temperaments of our ancestors, lineal and collateral, by education, by diet, by climate, by sudden emotions, &c. So that the determination given to our features by our mental character, may be so involved with, or hidden, by accidental circumstances, that it is in vain to attempt the study of a science whose limits are so confined."

It is to be remarked, that some of the opinions and assertions of the most sanguine supporters of physiognomy are such as to render the science ridiculous, and impress us with the idea of the whole being fallacious. In support of this observation, take these passages from M. Pernetty:

He lays it down as a principle, that no man can be a physiognomist, unless he receives a knowledge of the science, originally, as a gift from the Deity; and that the faculty of physiognomizing is not acquired, but innate. In another place he intimates, that a physiognomist, to form a good judgment, ought to have the dispositions of the person physiognomized.

M. Lavater's opinion of it is also curious: "*Nous parviendrons à établir un hypothése, digne d'ocuper un des premiers rangs dans la classe des probabilités philosophiques.*"

It has been observed, that though the science of physiognomy may not be admitted as real to the extent which its strongest partizans give it, yet every one

one must acknowledge the change of colour, and alteration of the countenance, at the emotions of disgust, anger, and shame. If this was really the fact, physiognomists would easily surmount the artifice of the ladies, who hide their faces with rouge. Madame de Staal was so certain of the advantages to be derived from this species of mask, that she employed it on a very critical occasion.

This lady, who was confined in the Bastile for some state affair, tells us, in her Memoirs, that when she was summoned to be examined by the commissaries, she took the precaution of putting on a large quantity of rouge (which she had in her pocket, although she was not in the habit of using it) to conceal, as much as it was possible, that alteration of her countenance which might betray her.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

IN all the French playhouses, the stage is raised above the platform of the pit about seven or eight feet.

The pit being entirely level, at first sight it might appear that the view of the spectators would be obstructed; but the elevation of the stage, so much higher than in our theatres, prevents every inconvenience.

From this elevation of the stage, the spectators see in three lines of direction. Those in the pit, and under the boxes, look up at the stage, with a considerable angle; those in the boxes see nearly on a level; and those above, in the galleries, look down upon the stage.

These different points of view render the spectacle far more convenient to the audience than with us, particularly in Drury-Lane, where the whole audience,

ence almost, from the benches rising so much above each other, look down upon the stage.

In the National Theatre, and some others lately built, the pit is rendered more convenient than with us, by backs to the benches.

The stage at Paris generally projects in a segment of a circle; it is universally wider; and it is entirely, in some of their new theatres, separated from the audience part of the theatre, there being neither side boxes nor side doors on the stage.

In comedies, and in all plays almost, the actors enter and retire from the bottom of the stage, which removes the bustle of the performance, increases the illusion, and has a very elegant and happy effect.

The scenes are easier changed there, and generally between the acts, and without ringing a bell, which has certainly an odd effect in our theatres.

Fire is guarded against by every possible precaution; no wood is used in the construction of their playhouses, where it can be avoided; all the corridores are plastered and flagged, or floored with bricks or tiles. The rooms are of the same materials; and the staircases are of stone or brick, girded with wood.

Beside the separation of the audience part from the stage, they have another admirable precaution against fire: a well is sunk under the stage, which communicates with iron pumps, by which any quantity of water may soon be raised, and conveyed into a leaden reservoir over the roof of the stage.

The ornaments of the French playhouses are entirely of paper, in which manufacture they have attained a degree of perfection, as yet unknown in this country; which, while it does not cost a fourth part of our ornamental expence, represents every species of architectural decoration, pillars, pilasters, balustrades, cornices, &c. as well, if not lighter and better to the eye, than if carved or painted on wood, or fabricated of stone.

The French National Theatre is lighted by a great branch suspended near the top, in the center, with argand

gand or patent lamps, with a great refractor on them; and most of their theatres are lighted like Astley's, from the middle with patent lamps.

The Comedie Francaise, or, as it is now called, the National Theatre, is completely insulated on all sides; it is surrounded by a great portico, with pillars of the Doric order; and it is, perhaps, one of the most elegant and commodious public buildings in Europe.

Though there is but one entry to each department, boxes, pit, &c. yet, at the end of the play, above twelve doors are opened; which circumstance entirely prevents the crowds, riots, and obstructions, so common in the narrow and inconvenient passages and streets round our theatres.

The corridores and passages round the boxes being of stone, and either flagged, bricked, or tiled, as well as the staircases, not only prevent fire, but noise also; and the corridores being very narrow, and no large room in the front of the boxes, as with us, contributes also to prevent noise and disturbance near the boxes.

The room where the company wait for their carriages is at some distance from the boxes, as well as the retiring rooms, coffee room, &c. in the French theatres.

In the French theatrical representations, the interval between the acts is much shorter; but that between the play and the farce, much longer than in our playhouses.

As the offices are at the outside of the French theatres, and none are permitted to enter, even the lobbies, without tickets, a space near them is railed off, whereby pickpockets are prevented by guards stationed for those purposes.

The greatest improvements in theatrical architecture, which have been lately adopted in the French playhouses, are the entire separation of the audience part from the stage, making the latter wider than the former, and splaying of the end boxes.

SINGULAR

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, and REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES of various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

MADERN.

NEAR Madern, north of Penzance, in Cornwall, there are three stones standing erect on a triangular plan. One of them is thin and flat, and fixed on the ground on its edge. In the middle of it is a large hole, about fourteen inches diameter, whence it is called *Mœn an Tol*, which, in the Cornish language, signifies *the holed stone*. Each of the other two stones is a rude pillar, about four feet high; and near one of them is a stone lying like a cushion or pillow, as if to kneel upon. To what particular rite of superstition this monument was appropriated is uncertain; but the country people in its neighbourhood, even at this day, creep through the holed stone for pains in their backs and limbs; young children are drawn through to cure them of the rickets; and it serves also as an oracular monument, to inform them of some material incident of love or fortune. Of the same kind there are many other stones in different parts of this county; and here are many rocks of such grandeur, remarkable shape, and surprising position, as leaves no room to doubt but that they must be deities of the Druids, a people much addicted to the superstition of worshipping rocks.

SHAFTESBURY.

WATER is so scarce in this town, that it used formerly to be brought from Motcomb, a village at some distance, by horses; but in 1718, William Benson, Esq. one of its representatives, was at the expence of constructing engines, which raised the water of a well, about two miles off, to the height of above 300 feet, and

and conveyed it to a large cistern in the middle of the town. These engines, however, have been for some time disused, and the inhabitants have dug pits at the doors of their houses for preserving the rain water; which not being sufficient for a constant supply, the poor get their living by bringing water in pails, or upon horses, to the town from Motcomb: and, as an acknowledgment to the Lord of the Manor of Motcomb, the Mayor and Burgesses of Shaftesbury used to go in procession every year, on the Monday before Holy Thursday, with a kind of garland, something like the May garland carried about by those who sell milk in London, consisting of plate, borrowed of the neighbouring gentry, and adorned with peacock's feathers. This garland, which is here called a Prize-besom, was carried to a green below the hill whence the water is taken, and presented, together with a raw calf's head, and a pair of gloves, to the Lord of the Manor, who received the present by his steward, and at the same time distributed twelve penny loaves and three dozen of beer among the people. After the ceremony was over, the Prize-besom was restored to the Mayor, and carried back to the town by one of the officers, with great solemnity.

ST. CLEERE, CORNWALL.

NEAR the village of St. Cleere is a pile of rocks, placed one over another, and called *Cheesewring*, from the resemblance of some of them to large cheeses pressed by the superincumbent weight. This pile, which attracts the admiration of all travellers, is thirty-two feet high; the stones towards the top, by being many times larger than those in the middle, or nearer the foundation, project so far over the middle part, that it has been a matter of wonder how such an ill-constructed pile could subsist for many ages, the stone being in so exposed a situation. Some have judged this an artificial structure, though most writers

ters are of opinion that it is a natural one. The top stone is said to have formerly been a logan, or rocking stone, which, when it was entire, might be easily moved with a pole; but now great part of that weight, which kept one end of it in an equipoise with the other, is taken away, whence it became immoveable. On the top are two irregular basons, but part of one of them is broke off. This structure is also judged to have been one of the rock deities of the Druids.

CHINKFORD, ESSEX.

In this parish there is an estate of 24l. per annum, holden of the Rector. Upon every alienation, the owner of the estate, with his wife, man-servant, and maid-servant, on a horse, come to the parsonage; where the owner does his homage, and pays his relief, in the following manner. He blows three blasts with his horn, and carries a hawk on his fist; his servant has a greyhound in a slip; both for the use of the Rector for that day. He receives a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. They all dine; after which the master blows three blasts again with his horn, and they all depart.

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

The great bell, called Tom, belonging to this College, is one of the largest in the kingdom. It is sounded every night, at nine, to call the students home to their respective apartments. The manner of sounding this bell is somewhat singular; it is effected only by the pushing of the clapper against the sides; but it may be heard at the distance of several miles. It has not been rung since Queen Anne paid a visit to the University. If we may believe tradition, all the windows of the College were then broken, and all the beer in the town was turned sour.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLVII.

Dear Madam,

I AM one of those who are not too proud to take advice, nor think myself too wise to be taught. This facility of disposition I have found attended with the most beneficial consequences, both to myself and others; and it is from complying with its native dictates, that I have now the pleasure of addressing you.

Many months ago, in one of your valuable Numbers, you strongly recommended BOTANY, as a female study, on account of its combining health with amusement; and I have the happiness to inform you, that I have found this science equally conducive to both. In hopes, therefore, that others will reap the same benefits from pursuing the steps of the blooming Goddess of Botany, instead of the motley Goddess of Fashion, I send you the outlines of my progress, and its ultimate success.

Having been brought up with too much tenderness, as it is falsely called, I became incapable of bearing the slightest extremes of heat or cold, of wet or dry, without experiencing all those indescribable sensations, which harrass and distress the nervous and valetudinary. My malady constantly increasing, and my constitution being visibly impaired by mental and personal sufferings, I was at length put under the care of the ablest physicians, who unanimously agreed in recommending air and moderate exercise, rather than having recourse to medicine; but, alas! so deplorable was the state of my health and feelings become, that it was seldom I was able to bear the former, and I had no relish for the latter. A walk or a ride, undertaken merely for the sake of health, and persevered in without pleasure, has, I believe, seldom been found to be attended with beneficial effects. I indeed mechanically observed the advice that was continually dinned

in my ears by my friends and medical guides, and, in my own estimation, encountered the severest ills every day, and almost every hour, on purpose to strengthen my debilitated habit, and overcome the acuteness of my sensations; but after a long trial, if I did not recede, I certainly gained little or no ground, by the force I put upon my inclinations, and the privations I endured. Reading and conversation were my only reliefs, and even they were frequently irksome, and always injurious, if long persevered in. In short, life itself gradually became a burden: my circumstances not obliging me to labor, and having no object or pursuit from which I could any longer reap pleasure, I was rapidly sinking into gloom and despondency, and losing the very relish of existence.

At this period of my disorder, I had the good fortune to read your encomiums in favor of Botany; when a flash of conviction illuminated my benighted mind; and sensible of the misery of walking, or riding, without some particular object in view, I immediately conceived the design of rendering that fascinating study subservient to the restoration of my health, spirits, and enjoyments. A benevolent Clergyman, who visited in our family, having to my knowledge made considerable progress in the science, I communicated my intentions to him, and begged him to give me a few introductory lessons. He eagerly embraced the opportunity I gave him of doing good, applauded my design, furnished me with some initiatory books; and having explained the principles of the Linnean System, and shewn me their application, left me to prosecute my farther investigations of vegetable Nature, under the guidance of my own taste and judgment.

Accordingly, having provided myself with the *Botanical Pocket Book*, to register discoveries, I began with the first return of vernal flowers, to rise with the lark, and inhale the morning breeze; and as the weather and other circumstances allowed, to shorten

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or extend my ramble in search of the varied productions of Flora. Every new plant which I examined and recorded, added to my pleasure, and stimulated farther exertions; for having now a determinate pursuit to engage my mind, it was in a great measure abstracted from personal unpleasant sensations; and frequently I walked, unconscious of fatigue, to a distance which before would have appeared impossible, with the hopes of detecting some opening flower in its native habitat. By degrees, I exhausted the vegetable stores in the vicinity of my residence; and finding my health considerably improved by my new pursuit, while the pleasure I received from it was increased by the facility with which I now distinguished plants, I was induced to get on horseback; and, accompanied by a servant, I frequently rode 8 or 10 miles before breakfast, botanizing as I proceeded. The poor fellow who attended me, not feeling the same enthusiasm I did, at first thought me deranged, when I expressed my wish that he would venture through the morass, or risque tumbling into the river, in order to procure me some aquatic with which I was hitherto unacquainted. He conceived it strange that I should be so anxious to obtain *weeds*, merely to look at them, and then throw them away, when our garden furnished so many beautiful *flowers* of more permanent lustre; but from habit, and a desire of obliging, he at length acquired some knowledge of plants; and was able to discriminate between what I had examined, and what were new. This enabled me to find amusement in examining what he collected for me, when circumstances did not allow me to venture abroad; and thus I never was at a loss to fill up part of my mornings in the most delightful and satisfactory manner.

My friends observing the favorable change wrought on my health, and the increased degree of my spirits and resolution, ardently and kindly availed themselves of my predilections for botanical pursuits, to project an excursion along the sea coast, taking several bathing

places in our way, not as fixed but temporary stations. The idea of confirming my health, though it alone actuated them in the plan they formed, was wisely thrown into the back ground; and I was tempted to consider their assiduities as originating solely in a desire to oblige, and give me pleasure. Indeed, a journey undertaken on any other motives loses half its charms, and therefore is but partially useful to the valetudinarian.

We first visited Bath, whose beauties I shall not attempt to describe. On the hills, and in the vales, however, with which it is surrounded, I found some plants which to me were new, or of rare occurrence; and then proceeding into the west, an ample field of botanical research was opened to my view, and I might truly be said to revel on the feast which the land, the streams, and the shores supplied.

Travelling in the line of the coast, with some pauses at particular places, and some digressions to view attractive objects in nature and art, from Plymouth in a few weeks we reached Southampton, with whose situation I was highly delighted. After making a few excursions into the New Forest, the Isle of Wight was too inviting not to be visited; and accordingly we passed over, and landed at Cowes. By this time my Botanical Pocket Book was more than half filled up; and seldom now could I meet with a plant which gave me any great degree of trouble to ascertain its class, order, genus, and species. This was truly delightful to my mind; and combined with air, exercise, and unceasing avocation, became equally salutary to my frame. In a word, I was quite a renovated being; and, instead of feeling languor and dejection, with all the horrid train of ills that arise from weak nerves, I was proof against the variations of the atmosphere, and indifferent to occurrences and exertions which formerly were ready to overwhelm me.

After a tour of six weeks I returned in perfect health and spirits; and by pursuing the same steps,

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as far as situation and circumstances will allow, I have no doubt that thousands who are now a prey to *ennui* may be brought to the enjoyment of themselves, and consequently be enabled to discharge all the duties of social life with pleasure and success.

For my part, I am so much fascinated with the study of Botany, which affords a never-ending variety of elegant amusements, that I am more than half inclined to erect a temple to the divinity whom the late Philosophic and Poetic Darwin thus invokes.

Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
BOTANIC GODDESS! bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora, in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vernal vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner, starr'd with gold!

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

News from London—A Woman of the World—Lovers in the Dumps, and Ladies in Hysterics.

DR. Franklin and his family had just finished breakfast, when the postman's welcome rap gave to almost every bosom a degree of palpitation visible upon each countenance. The servant soon after entered with a letter for Miss Harriet Franklin, who eagerly caught it from his hand, but put up a pouting lip when she perceived that the superscription was written by her mother; and her chagrin increased as she perused the contents. "Bless me!"

she exclaimed, handing the letter to Dr. Franklin, "how unlucky this is! My poor papa is attacked with the gout, and I must quit dear Devonshire directly: but I hope my kind uncle will not let my sudden departure occasion him to retract his promise of permitting my cousin to accompany me. I dare say she can be ready by the day after to-morrow, and I shall not be able to leave Exeter sooner." The eyes of Eliza spoke a ready assent. "Stop," said the Doctor, deliberately putting on his spectacles, "let me see what your mother writes." He then read aloud,—

"Dear daughter,

I must insist upon your returning to London immediately. Your father has been seized with the gout in a most violent manner, and is so cross, that I can do nothing with him; and, indeed, if he was better tempered, the cares of a family make it impossible for me to be constantly at his elbow. Lord help me, every thing rests on my hands; for your sister Mary is of no more use to me than a post; and I suppose you have grown such a fine lady now, that you will be little better: however, as your health is perfectly restored, I can't but say it is high time for you to return; and I dare say all friends in Devonshire are heartily tired of you. God knows I have little enough of pleasure in this world: I am obliged to have an eye to every thing: such a head as your father has, and such a set of idle, extravagant hussies as servants are, it behoves me to keep a sharp look-out that I am not robbed to my very teeth. However, I have not time to write you an account of all my troubles. Your father is constantly wishing for you, so pray come back directly. We hope to see Miss Eliza with you, and will endeavour to make her stay among us as pleasant as possible, considering that we are now at sixes and sevens, every thing in confusion, as a body may say. I am sure, if Mr Warren

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was not such a quiet, good young man, he would be out of patience. Husband and daughter join me in love to yourself and the family.

From your most affectionate mother,

MARTHA FRANKLIN.

Eliza did not much admire the stile of her aunt's letter, whom she had never seen, but always heard mentioned as a *clever, notable woman;* and hesitated whether she should accept an invitation so uncouthly delivered. Still London, with all its pictured allurements, had the power to overcome all trivial scruples; and she waited, with restrained impatience, her father's decision. "My sister-in-law is always overwhelmed with a multiplicity of affairs," said the Doctor; "and I almost fear my Eliza may be thought an intruder at this particular crisis." "Oh, pray, Sir," cried Harriet, nearly in tears, "do not wrong us by such a supposition. I am sure all will be glad to see her: and consider, dear uncle, how long you have promised." "But, consider, Miss Harriet," said the prudent Mrs Rochford, "what a dangerous place London is for an inexperienced young creature." "Phoo! phoo!" interrupted the Doctor, who dearly loved to contradict the prim spinster, who had assumed the title of Mrs. without any just claim, "Eliza has not charms enough to give us very serious apprehensions on her account." "But let me tell you, Sir," retorted the piqued housekeeper, "that few women are ugly enough to be out of danger at all times. Lord help your silly soul! how should you know, who never stir from your own chimney-corner, as one may say? For my part, I know enough of the temptations to be wicked." "And, I trust, Mrs. Rochford," said Harriet, archly, "you always had resolution enough to withstand them." "To be sure I had," was the reply. "Then you should not doubt my Eliza," said the Doctor, "who has benefited by your instructions. What think you, Herbert?" Percival

cival Herbert was a young man of amiable manners, and a pupil of the Doctor's, who treated him as one of the family, as well on account of his merit, as the liberal stipend allowed by his friends for his maintenance and expences. "I have not, I confess, Sir, any doubt of Miss Franklin's prudence in any situation; nor can I think a short visit to London, under the care of respectable friends, likely to be attended with any unpleasant consequences." "Neither can I," rejoined Dr. Franklin; "so the girl shall go." Eliza sprung from her seat, and gave him a grateful kiss, seconded by another from Harriet; while Herbert, laughing, said, "those kisses are due to me for my arbitration." "You are a bold youth," Eliza replied; "but Emma shall pay our debts; so I will go and apprize her. Will you walk, Harriet?" "That is just what I wished," whispered Harriet, and they were going out of the room. "Stay, niece," said the Doctor, "who is this Mr. Warren? I do not recollect to have heard you mention him." "Oh, Sir, he is no favorite of mine; and I seldom speak of those I cannot admire: but folks say he is a good sort of young man, as times go. He is a student in Westminster school; and his father, the Rector of Priordale, having some knowledge of our family, placed him to lodge and board in the house till he goes to College, which will be very soon. He is now about twenty, and has a good prospect of church preferment." "For what reason do you dislike him?" "Because he is not gay and agreeable, as most youths in his situation are. Oh, he is close, wonderous close." "Why, I own I never admired that trait in a young man's character," said Dr. Franklin: "few very young people are reserved, without they have some vice to conceal." "And then, Sir, he has such absurd notions of women as you never heard; but he is quite a quiz." "I hope, Miss Franklin," said the Doctor, gravely, "you will not teach Eliza any of those modish expressions. I make every allowance

for the latitude given a lady's tongue in London; but I can assure you, that, to ears unaccustomed to such jargon, it is particularly offensive. I know, my dear, you only err from want of thought, and hope you will correct your phraseology, which the licence of fashion renders indelicate and disgusting." Harriet appeared much mortified, and was glad to escape from the room. Her high spirits soon made her forget the momentary rebuke. "I wonder," said she, "what poor Walpole will say. I know he will be quite distracted. No doubt, we shall meet him before we get to Southern Hall. Howard, too; what will become of him? I declare you don't seem to feel half so much regret at leaving him, whom you have known these two years, as I do one I have scarcely known so many months. Ah, you do not love as I do." "Not exactly," replied Eliza, smiling: "neither will he be distracted on the occasion." "No, no, hang it," Harriet rejoined, "he has no fire! Give me ardor—give me energy." Harriet was so much an admirer of energy, that a few gallant speeches from a young lieutenant, then quartered in Exeter, and who had occasionally met her at public places, quite intoxicated her senses. Her person was extremely attractive, her manners sprightly, and she indulged freely in a sort of *brusquerie*, which sometimes offended the grave, and too often admitted of misconstruction. Her taste in dress, and gaiety of deportment, soon attracted the notice of the dissipated Walpole. Like a true soldier, he followed up the attack, with intrepid assurance, and unabating assiduity; not once reflecting on the terms of capitulation: nor could all the admonitions of Eliza draw her from an intimacy so dangerous. Eliza Franklin was just one-and-twenty; nor had her heart remained so many years untouched. A young man, possessing every requisite likely to make her happy, had addressed her, with the approbation of her friends, and possessed her earliest affection; but within a week of their expected union, an alarming

alarming and fatal disorder terminated his existence. Eliza endured two years of inexpressible anguish; nor did she think her heart capable of receiving another impression, till the unremitting attentions of young Howard, and the marked partiality with which her father distinguished him, awakened her gratitude. Howard was a young man of independent property; his person was unexceptionable, his manners far from disagreeable, and his disposition universally extolled; and though Eliza found it impossible to bestow on him that lively regard she believed his due, she consented to become his wife, in compliance with the wish of her father, first apprizing him of her real sentiments towards him. Howard trusted to time to erase a first impression: he beheld in her an affectionate daughter, a faithful friend; and had no fear that a child, who evinced the most respectful affection towards a parent, would ever fail in other duties. He was not of that romantic turn that required an ardent passion; and it was for this seeming want of sensibility that Harriet ridiculed him. As Harriet expected, they met Walpole before they had proceeded many paces. He expressed much concern and surprise at her leaving Devonshire so unexpectedly soon, and assured her he would very soon obtain leave of absence, to visit her in London. This Eliza thought mere common-place compliment; but Harriet seemed so well satisfied, that she could not bear just then to wound her feelings, by expressing a doubt of his sincerity. Walpole attended them to the door of Ashmount Farm, then took a tender leave of Harriet, and left them. Emma Villars, the first and dearest friend of Eliza, was the daughter of an opulent farmer, whose hospitable table was the theme of the country round: yet avarice and ostentation seemed, in his disposition, eternally in contention; and he would hoard with scrupulous exactness, when he thought he should escape observation; and lavish with profusion, that his name might obtain distinction.

tion. The mild, gentle virtues of Emma had been ever acknowledged by all who knew her; and her affection for Percival Herbert was returned with an affection as pure as disinterested; and the day that united Eliza with Howard, was also to be that of her marriage with Herbert. A congeniality of manners and disposition attached those amiable young women to each other in the most indissoluble ties of strict friendship. Nor was Dr. Franklin ever so happy as, when seated in his great arm-chair, he listened to the conversation of the two young couple, whom he alike called his children.

Much as Eliza was elated at the thoughts of visiting the grand metropolis, her spirits sunk as the hour of departure drew nigh; and but for the fear of appearing capricious, she would have retracted her promise. She had never quitted for a day the roof of an indulgent father, and her timid apprehensions now magnified every danger that she had before laughed at. Howard uttered not one expression of dissatisfaction, but he looked unusually thoughtful, and was even more than commonly tender in his attentions; begged her not to protract her stay in London, to the punishment of her friends at home, unless she met with those capable of making her more so. "After all," said the Doctor, "this is a foolish business, and seems like going adventuring; but I wish the girl to see her relations, that I may know how to dispose of her, should heaven think proper to interrupt any of our present arrangements, and deprive her of my protection." This was too much for the already depressed heart of Eliza: she threw her arms round his neck, and wept herself into hysterics. Emma was little better: nor could the volatile Harriet remain unmoved at a scene so strongly appealing to the heart. "This is childish, Eliza," said the Doctor, wiping the tears from his eyes: "Anticipation of calamity is ingratitude to the Dispenser of Events. You are going in search of pleasure; may you find it, my child.

Should

Should you be disappointed in your search, these arms are still open to receive you. Form no hasty friendships; but let those whom you trust be such as are known to possess prudence and integrity: such you will find your best advisers, your most profitable companions. The most accomplished and attractive may dazzle your imagination, and inexperience may lead you to mistake gaity, and familiar politeness, for goodnature and cheerfulness: but, before you place confidence in any, view their character; not as they appear to your eye, but with the strict investigation of reflection and impartial judgment. You will think these common-place observations, Mr Howard: they are so to us; but my Eliza will, I know, listen to them, as to an oracle of truth; for they are the well-meaning cautions of a loving and beloved father. We shall hear often from you, Eliza, I trust. I don't know what sort of a correspondent you are: I hope you will never let a wish to appear witty, marvellous, or sentimental, lead you into an exaggeration, or extenuation, of truth. Sincerity, my dear girl, is the first of virtues, the surest proof that all is right within. But, bless me! the chaise is at the door already! I should have sermonised till noon. Well, well; no more tears. Mrs Rochford, you have some nice preserves in store for the dear girls, I know: do bustle, my good woman, for I heartily wish them gone." The Doctor then pressed them tenderly in his arms, and the parting salute went round. Harriet stepped into the chaise first; Eliza loitered a moment; Howard pressed her hand to his lips; and—Adieu!—was reiterated on all sides as the chaise drew from the door.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE SPECTATOR, TATLER, and GUARDIAN.

THE first time that Henderson, the player, rehearsed a part at Drury-lane, George Garrick came into the boxes, saying, as he entered, "I only come as a *spectator*." Soon after, he made some objection to Henderson's playing; and the new actor retorted, "Sir, I thought you were to be only *a spectator*; you are turning *tatler*." "Never mind him, Sir," said David Garrick, "never mind him: let him be what he will, I will be *the Guardian*."

ON MELANCHOLY.

[From the French of MADAME ROLAND.]

FRIEND as I am to this charming passion, I will at present defend it from the reproaches with which it is incessantly loaded. Too prompt to decide, we frequently blame what we do not know; and indeed it commonly happens that we do so improperly. This observation may be particularly applied to the opinions formed of Melancholy, by the partisans of coarse mirth, and of what is termed good humor: they confound it with spleen, and erroneously give this name to those vaporous and hypocondriac affections which are commonly a defect of constitution; or to those fatiguing sensations of satiety and inanition, which we experience after having given way to an excess of joy and dissipation; for such is the inconvenience of extremes, that they almost always lead to opposites. It is an abuse of terms to employ the same denomination for things absolutely different.

The sweet melancholy which I defend is never sad; it is only a modification of pleasure, from which it borrows all its charms. Like those gilded clouds embellished by a setting sun, the light vapours of Melancholy intercept the rays of pleasure, and present them under a new and agreeable aspect. It is a delicious

balm for the wounds of the heart; it is a salutary allay to the vivacity of joy; attempered by it, that passion is rendered more impressive and more lasting.

It is less easy to define it than to pourtray its effects; it consists in a certain delicacy of sentiment, a certain turn of imagination, which are to be felt, but not expressed.

It is that disposition of a feeling heart which makes it avoid those amusements where noisy laughter is only the mask of *ennui*, and induces it to search for pleasures more suitable to its taste, and better calculated to gratify it: such is the disposition which moves it, when, on the view of a rich and fertile country, it experiences a gentle rapture; such the disposition through which it delights in a gloomy and peaceful wood, absorbed in a tender reverie. It gives a certain tint of something great and striking to a wild prospect, to a lonesome forest, which renders the sight of them more interesting than that of a meadow enamelled with flowers, or of a garden laid out in all the overstrained elegance of art. Modest like Nature, it simplifies taste, enlarges feeling, or at least gives it more force, by fixing it on truth.

It is Melancholy that causes those delightful tears to flow, and produces that melting disposition of the heart which is felt in the enjoyment of a pure pleasure, in the possession of a sweet and certain joy. It is also that generous emotion of a wounded mind, which in the very bosom of disgrace dares seek for peace. But in whatever situation it shews itself, it always implies a somewhat philosophic mind, which hates the great world, where it sees nothing but pretty trifles and dazzling baubles; and a delicate and tender heart, which seeks or possesses the treasures of sentiment, and on them alone sets a value.

This is what obtains the epithets of melancholy, and singular for persons who, affected by natural beauty, prefer to a brilliant ball, or a tumultuous society, a rural walk in the morning on the hills, there to admire

Nature, washed with refreshing dew, rising from the arms of sleep; in the afternoon, in the shade of the woods, reclining at the foot of a beech; in the evening, in the meadows on the banks of a rivulet, without any other company than their own reflections, and a single female friend, a second self.

It does not appear to me that this innocent passion of tender hearts, resembles those odious portraits which are sometimes drawn of it: true it is, that those who represent it in such gloomy colors, know it not; they are therefore more to be pitied than blamed.

I have yet seen but three lustres and a half, and I cannot say what change time may make in me; but since adolescence, in opening to me the gates of life, introduced me into the empire of feeling, the most delightful moments that I have passed, are owing to this charming passion.

Amiable and sweet Melancholy, my faithful companion, never wholly abandon me! To thee am I indebted for my pleasures. I know all thy charms; the veil with which thou concealest thy allurements, occasions them to be unheeded by the vulgar; thou reservest them for thy favorites; may I be always of that number! The enjoyments which thou dispensest to them, cause no cares, engender no remorse. If sometimes thou absentest thyself a little, let it be in those moments alone, when, assembled round our fire in the depth of winter, the mind, stimulated by the playful children of mirth, fills up the interval of thy delights with a few friends; but return, return quickly, to charm our solitude, and enrapture our hearts.

SINGULAR COMBAT
Between Twelve English and Twelve Portuguese Cavaliers.

IN the reign of our Henry IV. twelve English barons gave out that certain ladies, whom they named, were not entitled, by birth, beauty, or education, to

the high rank they held at court; and that they would take up arms against any twelve champions in Europe who dare come forth in their defence. Intimation of this challenge was received in Portugal; and as none had hitherto undertaken to appear in defence of the injured ladies, Magrico, with eleven other Portuguese cavaliers, set out from Oporto to espouse their cause; having previously obtained permission from their sovereign John I. The English Monarch, on being apprised of their arrival, prepared a splendid banquet suitable to the occasion; to him was left to choose the arms to be used by the combatants, and to appoint the day and the situation, which was on the south banks of the Thames. The spectators being assembled in a vast amphitheatre, the champions rode into the arena at the sound of the trumpet, each armed with a sword and lance. Upon the appearance of the Portuguese, the circle resounded with applause, particularly on the part of the ladies, who were present. As soon as his Majesty, who presided at the spectacle, had given the signal, the attack commenced, and was maintained for a considerable time with great skill and courage on both sides, insomuch that victory for some time remained doubtful. The Portuguese, however, being very expert at the lance, and animated by the cheers of the ladies, wounded several of their adversaries, and unhorsed others; so that the King at length proclaimed them conquerors. The ladies now, with acclamations of joy, assembled round the victors; crowned them with chaplets of roses, interwoven with ribbands, and carried them off in triumph. And further to express their gratitude, at the departure of their gallant defenders, they presented them with swords, spears, and shields, ornamented with various devices, as trophies of their victory. Nor were the honors less which awaited them at their return to Portugal; they were received in triumph, and caressed by the ladies, whose cause they avowed to defend all over the world.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

MILTON, when a student at Cambridge, was extremely handsome. One day in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention; they got out of their carriage, and, after having contemplated his beauty some time, without his waking, the youngest lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and tremblingly put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage, and passed on.

Milton's fellow-students, who were seeking for him, observed this silent scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: on approaching, knowing their associate, they waked him, and told him what had passed. He opened the paper which was put in his hand; and read, to his great astonishment, these lines from Guarini:

Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministri de mici mali,
Se chiusi m' uccedite,
Apperti che farete?

Which may be translated thus:

"Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! If ye "wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?"

This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility; and from that moment, full with the desire of finding the unknown fair, he some years afterwards travelled through Italy. His ideas of her worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful Poet, and to that in part is England indebted for the Poem of

PARADISE LOST.

ON DIFFERENT SENSATIONS

Which are produced by those Misfortunes which affect Others, and those which are attached to Ourselves.

I HAVE often been led into a very serious train of thinking, by observing the indifference with which mankind listen to the misfortunes of *others*, and the sensibility they display when mentioning those which have *occurred* to *themselves*. If this was occasioned by an apathetic turn of disposition, and the mind was incapable of participating in the sorrows which it had heard revealed, it would likewise become insensible to its *own misfortunes*, or certainly could not feel them in an *accute* degree.

If I have been hurt at observing this want of sensibility towards the afflicted, and have felt resentment against the being who could appear uninterested by distress; I have been still more hurt at frequently seeing them turn the most serious misfortunes into jest.

In perusing a work* which certainly deserves commendation for the picturesque language in which the author describes each different place, I could not help being struck with the opposite style of his expression, in relating a circumstance that occurred to himself in his perigrination through the country, and the manner in which he relates another person's escape. If any one could doubt the protecting hand of an Almighty, the circumstance is so remarkable, that it must make them believe; yet Mr. Warner relates it as an event rather calculated to call forth risibility, than to fill the mind with awful ideas of the Supreme. After naming the town of Chepstow to his correspondent, he describes his entrance into Usk in the following words.

"The

* Warner's Walk through Wales.

"The bridge is formed of wood, on a similar construction with that of Chepstow; and the same reason is to be ascribed for the tide at each place occasionally rising to the incredible height of fifty or sixty feet. The boards which compose the flooring of this bridge are designedly loose, in order to float with the tide when it exceeds a certain height, and are prevented from escaping only by little pegs at the ends of them: they do not afford a very safe footing for the traveller; and some aukward accidents have been known to arise from this cause. A singular adventure occurred to a female about twenty years ago, as she was passing it at night, which tells so much to the credit of the ladies, that it would be unpardonable in a tourist, who is less an admirer of the sex than myself, not to detail the particulars.

"The heroine in question was a Mrs. Williams, well known at the town of Usk, and living there till within these few years. She had been to spend a cheerful evening at a neighbour's house on the eastern side of the river, and was returning home, I presume, at a decent hour, and in a decorous state. The night being extremely dark, she had provided herself with a lantern and candle, by the assistance of which she found her way towards the bridge, and had already passed part of the dangerous structure. When about *half seas over*, however, (don't mistake my meaning,) she unfortunately trod on a plank that had by some accident lost the peg which originally confined it, and had slipped from its proper situation. The faithless board instantly yielded to the weight of the good lady, (who, I understand, was rather corpulent,) and carried her through the flooring, candle and lantern, into the river. Fortunately, at the moment of falling, she was standing in such a position as gave her a seat on the plank similar to that of a horseman on his nag. It may be easily imagined, that Mrs. Williams must have been somewhat surprized at this change of situation, as well as alteration of climate.

Blessed,

Blessed, however, with a large share of that presence of mind, a patient endurance of evils, which exalts the *female character* so far *above our own*, the good lady was not overwhelmed, (except with water,) by her fall; and steadily maintained her seat upon the board, taking care, at the same time, to preserve the candle lighted, rightly supposing it would serve as an index to any one that might be able or willing to assist her. Thus bestriding the plank, our heroine was hurried down the river towards Newport, the bridge of which she trusted would stop her progress, or its inhabitants be alarmed with her cries. In both her hopes, however, she was disappointed: the rapidity of a spring-tide sent her through the arch with the velocity of an arrow discharged from the bow, and the good people of the town had long been wrapt in slumber. Thus situated, her prospects became each moment more desperate: her candle was nearly extinguished, and every limb so benummed with cold, that she had the greatest difficulty in *keeping her saddle.* Already had she reached the mouth of the Usk, and was on the point of encountering the turbulent waves of the British Channel, when the master of a fishing-boat, who was returning from his nightly toils, discovered the gleaming of her taper, and heard her call for assistance; and, after a considerable struggle between his humanity and superstition, ventured at length to approach this floating wonder, and brought Mrs. Williams safely to the shore in his boat."

Even in perusing the author's account of this miraculous preservation, our feelings seem to accompany the wretched sufferer through every species of distress; and not all his attempts to appear witty or entertaining, can create any thing but a smile of disgust upon the face. Though this gentleman could attempt to convert this unfortunate woman's situation into the *ridiculous*, yet he certainly felt the utmost degree of horror at his *own*; therefore it proves that it is possible to be sensibly alive to our own misfortunes, yet perfectly indifferent

indifferent to those of any one else. Not that I mean to assert that this is Mr. Warner's situation; for in many instances he has discovered traces of a very feeling mind; yet I cannot help thinking he was unfortunate in the choice of his language, when he made use of the allegro instead of the pensoroso style.

After pursuing his account to his friend, by saying he had encountered a most perilous adventure by his wish of taking a view of the Devil's Bridge, he tells him he had just got to the eastern side of it, for the purpose of having both the arch and gulph in view.

"The bank," says he, "of slate rock, or loose lamina, giving way to the least pressure, and sliding over one another, its descent is very precipitous, measuring at least ninety feet; and at the bottom a restless torrent boils through deep natural caldrons, formed in the rock by the constant attrition of the waters. I had crept with some difficulty to a spot on this bank, and was preparing my sketch-book, when the faithless slate gave way, and hurried me down the horrible declivity fourteen or fifteen feet. The gulph was now immediately below, and seemed ready to receive me, and no *human* means appeared sufficient to prevent my inevitable destruction! One moment only was allowed for recollection and exertion. Providentially I had a stick with an iron spike in my hand, which I darted amongst the loose fragments at my feet with that uncommon energy which desperation gives. The spike forced a passage into firm ground, and by this means afforded a support to my right foot. Thus partially secured, with my left hand I worked for myself a seat in the declivity, by removing the loose slate; here I placed myself, and then fixing the stick again firmly into the ground, I repeated my labours with my left hand, and by degrees worked myself up to the spot from whence I had originally slipped.

"I trust

"I trust I was nothing ungrateful for this instance of providential protection in an extremity so desperate. My powers of reflection, however, did not return to me immediately; and even when I went back to the inn, horror was so strongly marked in my countenance, that my companions for a few moments scarcely recollected their brother tourist."

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

NO. III.

OUR obligations are great to those parents, who carefully train up their children in the paths of virtue and wisdom; that they may be enabled to discharge every social duty with propriety. And as so much of the comfort and peace of human life depends upon the fair sex; we are doubly indebted to those, who early form their tender minds; and deliver into the hands of the husband, not only the lovely mistress, but the endearing companion, and heart-approved friend. This was the constant and the successful endeavor of the parents of *Pulcheria.*

An education so wise and rational could scarce be supposed to have failed of the desired effect. *Pulcheria* was sensible, but not assuming; humble, but not mean; familiar, but not loquacious; religious, but not gloomy. The tenderness and delicacy of her sentiments peculiarly recommended her; and that sweet temper, which never suffered her to indulge the malevolence of censure, rendered her the object of universal esteem.

The happy *Benvolio*, with the perfect approbation of her parents, received this rich treasure to his embraces, and called the lovely *Pulcheria* his in her twenty-first year. He was the object of her choice; and his acknowledged worth well justified her heart's attach-

attachment to him. The fruits of her parents' care were abundantly manifest. *Benvolio* thought—and justly thought—his lot peculiarly blessed, in a wife of so refined and elegant a disposition. Their felicity was consummate, as the strongest and most undissembled affection can produce.

Her servants could never be large enough in her praises; for she treated them always with the most amiable humanity: "she considered them (she used to say) as fellow-creatures placed indeed in an inferior station; but we should certainly treat our domestics with becoming gentleness. Besides, it appears to me an office of common humanity, to render a state of servitude and dependance as light and pleasing as possible: and while we, by the bounty of heaven, enjoy such superior blessings, shall we not in gratitude do all in our power to bless others, who are less favored by Providence?"

Acting upon these principles, she was the darling of her domestics; they beheld her with a degree of veneration. She was so happy as to find no cause to change, and she never *entertained* her *friends* with *tedious tales of the ill-behaviour* and *vileness of her servants.* She took care, that such of her family, as could possibly be spared, should always attend with her, at the morning or evening service of the *parish church.* This she esteemed an indispensible duty. "I owe this duty (she used to say) to my family, to my neighbours, to my minister: and I cannot tell what evil may arise from a different example. I can excuse (she would often observe) those in the lower stations of life, who have no other day of leisure, but the sabbath, and who perhaps are pent up in narrow shops all the rest of the week, if they dedicate some part of the day to recreation: but for *us,* who have the enjoyment of all the week, surely it is inexcusable to devote this sacred day to our pleasures. Shall not the great Giver of all receive a tribute of some small portion of our time?"

But

But were I to dwell upon all the excellencies of her life and conduct, the limits prescribed me in this paper would soon be exceeded. I shall omit therefore any account of the benevolent charity which she exercised so largely,—(insomuch that never child of distress went with heavy heart, and unrelieved from her presence)—while I hasten to give some account of her death. Her constitution was delicate: after the birth of the second beloved infant, which she brought her *Benvolio*, (—her first died early, and gave an opportunity for the display of the most exemplary resignation—) she caught a cold, which was accompanied with unhappy circumstances; and though she recovered in some measure, yet the consequence was a consumptive decay.

It is easy to conceive the anguish of her parents and her husband, upon so melancholy an occasion; upon a discovery, that all the efforts of art, and all the powers of medicine, were in vain. While her patience and resignation obliged them to refrain from every word of repining; though it tended to encrease their sorrow, by enhancing their esteem for her. Happy as I was in her friendship, it was my custom often to visit her during her long and trying illness; but I shall not easily forget an interview at the close of it, which I must confess wholly unmanned me; while it taught me the deepest humility.

I found her seated in the chair of sickness, in her chamber, with her little infant lying in her lap, over which she hung with such a look of maternal fondness and anxiety, as yet I never saw, and which no painting could express! Soon as I advanced, she lifted up her eyes, in which stood the big, the affectionate drops; while pale death seemed to sit upon her countenance, wan, yet not devoid of that placid sweetness, which ever dwelt upon it. "I was indulging, Sir, (said she,) and I hope not improperly, some natural affection, and taking, perhaps taking—my last leave, of my poor little babe, who holds my heart rather too fast—(false

and

and weak heart as it is)—rather too fast bound to this transitory scene! Pretty innocent; see how it smiles on its weeping mother! unconscious yet of the bitterness of grief, and the sadness of tears. Sweet babe, I must leave thee, indeed I must leave thee; the Father of Heaven thinks fit, and his will be done! But oh, the parent, dear Sir, the parent will feel: Surely this will not be deemed a deficiency in humble resignation!" I observed that Christianity by no means opposes humanity; and that religion doth not destroy, it only regulates and refines our affections. "My soul (she went on) thankfully acquiesces in all the divine disposals; and I am satisfied, that whatever a God of love and wisdom ordains, must be best for his creatures. But when I look upon this dear innocent; when I consider the various evils of the world, and the prevalence of our corrupt passions; when I consider the peculiar inconveniences of our sex, if deprived of maternal care and instruction; my heart throbs with sensible anxiety—and I wish—Oh Father of love, pity and pardon me! Must I, ah must I leave this sweet harmless one to all the trials and difficulties of life! Oh, my pretty babe, I must leave thee; but I shall entrust thee to a tender father, and to the protection of a Saviour and a God. She was here overpowered by the strength of her affection, and fell into a fainting fit, from which we almost apprehended she would never recover. Her husband and her parents were instantly called up; every effort was used to restore her; though grief suffered no one person to utter a syllable. The scene was the most profoundly awful I ever beheld!

At length she came to herself; and the first object she saw was her trembling mother bathed in tears, and holding her clay-cold hand! on the other side stood her father; at her feet knelt her anxious and distressed husband—around her several of us were placed, whose tears sufficiently witnessed our concern. She raised her languid eyes; gazed wishfully at us—Then

fixing them upon her mother, " Best and most beloved of parents (said she) farewell, farewell. God of his good mercy reward your tender care of me, and give us a meeting in the future world!—Oh, my father, and are you too there? Pray do not let me see your tears: support my poor mother, and remember you have a daughter gone before to that place, where all sorrow ceases.—But my husband"—She said no more; then threw her arms about his neck, and both mingled their tears together for some time—She sighed forth—" Best and most dear of men, let me thank you, sincerely thank you, for all the marks of your tender esteem—But be kind to my pretty babe—Oh why should I say be kind? I know your goodness; but my sweet innocent; let her—" She stopt short—her breath failed;—she fainted a second time; and when all our labors to recover her seemed just effectual, and she appeared returning to life, a deep sob alarmed us—and the lovely body was left untenanted by its immortal inhabitant.

ON RESIGNATION.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

THERE is not any duty more difficult to learn, or more necessary to be learned, than resignation under the afflictive dispensations of Providence. The messengers of adversity spread alike their snares for the virtuous as well as the vicious: and therefore let our situations in life be what they may, we have no reason to suppose we shall be exempt from the general lot. Much might be said to shew the real and solid advantages to be derived from affliction. The subject having, however, employed some of the best and

wisest men, who have all treated it so ably and fully, I am aware any thing I could add, must be but a repetition of their instructions. It is my intention only to shew, briefly and concisely, how much our interest and our comfort are concerned in the cultivation of a resigned temper, and in how high a degree it is our immediate duty to endure the misfortunes with which the Almighty visits us, with true fortitude and christian composure.

All the misfortunes we are doomed to endure, are either the means by which we are to be brought to virtuous and holy lives, or are trials of our faith and constancy. Let us then consider them as such; and when the dark clouds gather around us, instead of repining, consider and reflect a little on our past lives, and if they do not accord with the precepts of the gospel, resolve to pursue a better course for the future. We shall find this, perhaps, disagreeable on the first attempt; but perseverance will bring its own reward; it will shed over our minds true and lasting *comfort;* and be a source inexhaustible, of enviable, peace of mind and self approbation.

The season of adversity is most eminently calculated to bring the person, rich in the possession of a patient temper, to reflect upon the uncertainty of all things in this world; and that wealth, titles, and honors, or all the vain baubles and glittering toys which the world can present to us, cannot avert the hand of affliction; and these afflictions will lead to such a calm and composed state of mind, that we shall be convinced, if we regard our own *interest*, if we look for happiness beyond the grave, if we are anxious to enjoy unbounded felicity in another and better world, we must endeavour to bear the unavoidable afflictions of this patiently, to be resigned under the dispensations of Providence, and to be assured that "whatever is is right."

Scripture does not enjoin sorrow as unworthy of virtue, it only forbids us to sorrow as men without

hope: but, after Nature has shed her tributary tears, and discharged her burden, Religion may come in to pacify and reconcile us; we may not be able to enjoy the frivolous diversions of the world, but we shall substitute a calm, resigned and composed temper; we shall be serious, without despondency; dejected, without impatience; and resigned, without complaint. As we are here only sojourners and travellers, and look for a more substantial residence, a residence founded upon a rock, a residence of happiness and joy,

"Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

The lesson I have been inculcating, is, indeed, at first, hard to be endured, though by no means above our accomplishing. We are not tempted above what we are able to bear: but let me not be supposed to recommend insensibility; my intentions are far otherwise: but I wish all mankind to consider the impropriety of indulging a desponding temper. Revelation from on high, has discovered to us a resting-place through the lowering gloom of adversity: there then let us fix our hearts and minds, and calmly bear these light afflictions, which are but for a moment; steadily and firmly convinced, that they will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal brightness of glory.

EDWIN.

ANECDOTES of CELEBRATED and ECCENTRIC FEMALE CHARACTERS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury attended Queen Elizabeth in the last moments of her life. He endeavoured to console her, by saying, she had every thing to hope from the mercy of the Almighty, for her

her piety, her zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which she had so happily established.

The Queen, who turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the Archbishop, by saying, "My Lord, the crown which I wore for many years, made me sufficiently vain while I lived; I beg you will not now increase it, while I am so near death."

After this, her respiration failed; she fell into agonies that lasted eighteen hours, and then expired.

Duchess of Bedford.

The Duchess of Bedford, wife to the fifth Duke, and mother to the excellent Lord Russel, died before her husband was advanced to the dukedom. The manner of her death was remarkable. She was well accomplished in mind as well as person; though she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; so that all she knew, was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Coming one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Russel, the Earl being suddenly called away, her eye, it is supposed, was promiscuously caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset.* She took it down, and turning over some of the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

Margaret Lambrun.

Margaret Lambrun was a Scotch woman, whose husband, as well as herself, was in the retinue of Mary, Queen of Scots, and on whose untimely death he died

of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge the death of her queen and husband upon Elizabeth, and to accomplish her purpose she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols; one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. But her design happened to miscarry, by an accident which preserved Elizabeth's life. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd to come up to her Majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized, and brought before the Queen, who asked her name, country, and quality? Magaret undauntedly replied, "Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lambrun: I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a Queen perish so iniquitously. Now as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I resolved to revenge their death by killing you. I acknowledge that I suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavoured to divert my resolution from this design; but all in vain: I found myself compelled to prove, by experience, the truth of that maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love." After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied, "You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband required of you: but what think you now it is my duty to do to you?" "Madam, (said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed conntenance,) I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen, or in that of a judge?" Her Majesty

Majesty declared that "it was in that of a Queen." "Then (said Margaret) your Majesty ought to grant me a pardon." "But what assurance or security can you give me (said Elizabeth) that you will not make another attempt upon my life?" "Madam, (replied the spirited Lambrun,) a favor given under such restraints is no more a favor; and in so doing, your Majesty would act against me as a judge." The Queen, turning to some of her council, said, "I have been thirty years a Queen, but do not remember ever to have had such a lecture read to me before." She then pronounced a free and unqualified pardon, and granted Margaret safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.

WHIMSICAL WILL OF AN OLD BACHELOR THE DAY BEFORE HIS NUPTIALS.

When I said, I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I ſhould live till
I were marry'd. *Shakespeare.*

I, W. N. of D. in the county of S. bachelor, being sound both in body and mind, but apprehensive I shall shortly quit this vain and forlorn estate of celibacy; which I hope to exchange for a more comfortable and happy one, through the aid of a kind and virtuous helpmate; do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following.

Imprimis. I give and bequeath to my good friend Mr. W. M. all my manor of *Long Delay:* consisting and being made up of the several farms and messuages called or known by the names of *Doubts, Fears, Bashfulness, Irresolution, Uncertainty, Fickleness, Obstinacy, &c. &c.* being for the most part waste and barren ground, and much overgrown with briars, thorns, and thistles;

thistles; but capable, by proper management, of great cultivation and improvement.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my good friend Mr. J. A. all my dwelling-house called by the name of *Vain-Hopes*, situate, lying, and being, in *High-Street*, in the town of *Castle-Building*, in the county of *Imagination;* rising to the height of seven stories; having a fair garden and a prospect *before* it, and a large number of windows in the front, but without any *outlet* behind, or any kitchens, cellars, or other conveniencies of a social nature, belonging to it; to have and to hold the said dwelling-house until the day of his marriage, if he shall think proper to keep it so long.

Item. I give and bequeath to my good friend Mr. R. all my wood-land, called and known by the name of *Ambiguity;* which is well planted with *pun-trees*, *conundrums*, *quirks*, and *quibbles;* together with several impenetrable *brakes* and *thickets*, of dark, unitelligible *incomprehensibilities.*

And lastly, I give and bequeath all the rest of my bachelor's goods and effects, consisting of a large treasure of *whims*, *fancies*, *megrims*, *freaks*, *reveries*, *schemes*, *projects*, *and designs*, *&c.* to my aforesaid good friend, Mr. J. A. whom I shall constitute and appoint sole executor of this my last will and testament, only desiring and requesting of him, that he writes and pronounces an epithalamium on this happy occasion; in order that this my departure into the blessed regions of matrimony, may be decently celebrated.

And as I apprehend, I shall have no more occasion for the legacies above disposed of, so it is my true intent and meaning, that my said legatees shall not consider them as favors and obligations, conferred upon them; as it is also my farther sincere will and desire, that they do not hoard them up, or continue to make a long and unprofitable use of them; but that they shall endeavour to dispose of them as soon as possible, to the end that they may be the better fitted and disposed

posed to follow me into the happy state into which I am now about to enter.

Executed at my mansion of *Vain-Hopes* aforesaid, the 20th day of March, A. D. 1795.

Signed, sealed, and delivered
by the above written Testator, in the presence of us,

MARMADUKE MATRIMONY.
WILLIAM WEDLOCK.
FANNY FORWARD.

THE WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

A TALE.

THE evening air blew chilling cold: Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the wood-house for faggots. Ellen was left alone; her eye fell on the stump of the withered rose tree: "That was Edward's gift," said she, mournfully. "Peace is now restored; he will return; he will return; he will think I have neglected it; for, alas! it is withered. But, no! Edward must come no more to our cottage." Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear; for well she knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: "Mercy! my child; come and listen; sure I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale: she listened with breathless agitation; again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. "Oh!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the

the rustic sports on the lawns before the abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips, and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love: but parental authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted; yet, to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite: Sir Owen granted his petition; and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose-tree which she now bewailed. "For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwinneth, "be composed. I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the abbey. Dear, now be comforted." Gwinneth stepped to the gate. "Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill! The word revived Ellen: she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill; he seemed to walk feebly, and leant on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought Ellen, "that is Edward's form:" but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed: his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been exposed: for Edward it was; and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment, each of his hands were siezed by Gwinneth and her child; who forgetting, in the first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but enquiry soon succeeded; and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose-tree, in anguish, exclaiming, "Alas! he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings: I alone seemed doomed to feel

the

the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprize in which I was engaged, required dispatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend, and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror: for this I was broke, and discharged with ignominy." Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance: the poor old woman sobbed aloud. "I returned," said Edward, "in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness; for, would you believe it, Ellen? he has disinherited me." "How!" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature to be so wicked! A child he once loved so dearly!" "True," returned Edward; "but you now behold me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend to comfort, or a home to shelter me." "Never, never, my dear young master," cried Gwinneth, "while the sticks of this poor cot hang together"—Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply. "What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward; "will she not confirm the words of her mother?" "Ah, me!" said Ellen, "I am thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate." "But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of the Lady Hester." "And will you stay with us?" asked the enraptured Ellen. "Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case; and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged: for to you, Edward, we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance; and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source." "You are unjust to yourself, Ellen: instructions bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky

rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are but scant, though your heart is ample." "We will work the harder," said Gwinneth: "We knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny; and when you get strong and healthy, you shall work." "Mr. Fitzmorris work!" exclaimed the indignant Ellen. "And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwinneth. "Is there any disgrace in honest industry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when, with some juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavours to make him forget all past misfortunes; and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen." "Excellent creature!" cried Edward, "my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away: on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey." Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes; but when Edward continued absent above two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in, and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, "He is coming!" He was supported by an elderly man; and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue; and the stranger accounted for the delay, by saying, that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. "Ah! you are cold and wet!" said Ellen. "No, my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night." "And that lodge, which was once your own cruel father's, should now be yours," said Ellen. "But, no; he was not cruel, Edward;

Edward; for he has given you to us." "Come, come; this is fine talking," cried Gwinneth, "while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks." "Do your eyes pain you, Edward?" enquired Ellen: "let me wash them with spring water." "They do, indeed," said he. In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage; and his full, expressive, hazel eye met her's, bearing joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprize. He threw off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor. "Ellen, forgive this deception; it was my father's stratagem; and here he is a witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted, by my noble commander to high military rank." "It is true, indeed," said the old gentleman, "I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor infirm soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance." Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen: She fell at the feet of Sir Owen, bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her oppressed heart. The rustic meal passed some time unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet. "Your rose-tree is withered," said Ellen. "Indeed I could not preserve it." "Heed it not," returned Edward: "it was a hot-house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received.

"Oh, let me then transplant thee safe into a richer soil,
"And of my garden be the pride and joy."

Ellen, with blushing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the abbey, where the delighted

peasantry came to make their heart-felt gratulations; and, in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child: and to the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added, with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

E. F.

A FRAGMENT.

IN THE MANNER OF OLD ROMANCES.

BY M. HAYS.

THE sun was sinking in the bosom of the Western Ocean, when, after a bright day in the autumnal season, the young and beauteous Cleanthe strayed into a thick forest, that spread its solemn shade behind the castle of the baron, her father. The faint tints of gold and purple that streaked the varying clouds, the last sighs of the sinking breeze, the variegated hues of the fading foliage, the plaintive cooings of the wood-pigeon, and the hollow murmurs of a distant torrent—conspired to sooth her soul into a tender and pleasing melancholy; and awaken those lively and vivid trains of fancy, that by degrees abstract the mind from sensible objects, and bewilder it amid distant and visionary pursuits.

Resting on a bank of camomile, at the foot of an aged oak, she perceived not that her hair was wet with the dew, and that the shades of evening veiled the prospect in darkness. She was at length roused from her reverie by the soft and melodious sound of a lute, which floating on the wind, gradually swelled into notes of joy and triumph, and then trembling as in broken air,* melted away in remote and languid strains.

* "In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats."
POPE.

strains. A deep silence succeeded—interrupted only at distant intervals by the cry of the night raven: the moon rose, and tinged the waving branches with silver. Cleanthe started; and gazing wildly around, perceived with terror she had wandered out of her knowledge; and of the various paths which presented themselves, was at a loss to conjecture which would conduct her to the peaceful, parental asylum she had unwarily quitted.

In the midst of this perplexity, her ears were assailed by the most mournful and piercing shrieks; a thick cloud covered the moon, out of which darted incessant flashes of blue and sulphureous lightning; the trees shook, the caverns of the forest groaned, and the roarings of savage beasts resounded on every side. A mortal paleness covered the cheek of Cleanthe—her limbs trembled—a cold damp bedewed her face—and she sunk spiritless on the earth. From this trance she was awakened by a clashing of swords, and saw approaching her two knights compleatly armed, (mounted on fiery coursers richly caparisoned,) who seemed engaged in a fierce and desperate combat. Collecting her spirits she arose, and winged by fear, rushed precipitately through the entangled branches, till faint, and scarce able to respire, she found herself incapable of proceeding. She stopped—and looking fearfully forwards, espied a glimmering light through the trees, which appeared to proceed from the bosom of a cypress shade, but a few paces distant; she pressed onwards, with mingled hope and apprehension, and advancing nearer, beheld the pillars and broken arches of a ruined abbey. She entered trembling—and directing her steps towards a long aisle which remained yet entire, in the centre of which a burning lamp was suspended, saw at the foot of an altar half destroyed by time, a female figure stretched on the pavement, who seemed as if expiring; her eyes were closed, and her features livid and ghastly; a stream of blood flowed from her bosom—

one hand grasped a dagger—the other held a crucifix to her heart. Cleanthe, struck with horror and astonishment, unable to move either to assist, or fly from the miserable victim extended before her, gazed on her with unutterable anguish. The dying phantom at length opened her eyes—turned them mournfully on Cleanthe. Whoever thou art! (said she) in a faltering and hollow tone of voice—behold in this awful scene, which heaven permits thee to witness, the fatal effects of heedlessness, guilt, and criminal despair! She ceased—and screaming wildly—in convulsive pangs breathed her last. No sooner had the guilty soul forsook the lacerated body, than the light was extinguished, the earth trembled and shook, and loud peals of thunder, mixed with the howling of winds, and the roaring of waters, confounded and overwhelmed the remaining spirits of the terrified maid, who shrieked aloud, and again fell motionless on the ground.

After a few minutes, returning to life and recollection—with pleasure and surprise she found herself reclining on a bank of violets, beneath an arbour of roses and jasmine, in an extensive and beautiful garden, surrounded with all that can delight and exhilarate the senses. The sun shone in meridian brightness—cool and gentle zephyrs refreshed the air, perfumed with aromatic odours. The trees were at once loaded with the richest fruits of autumn, and ornamented with the blossoms of the spring; the bees hummed among the beds of wild thyme, and the nightingale warbled in the thicket; the lamb browsed on the lawn, and the kid sported in the shade. Soft music floated—"above, about, and underneath"—sent by "the unseen genius of the wood." From every bower was heard the voice of festivity—every object breathed voluptuous pleasure, and refined delight.

The terrors which had lately agitated the gentle bosom of Cleanthe quickly subsided—the roses again crimsoned her cheek—her eyes sparkled with joy—

and her soul dissolved in softness. Rising to explore a scene so new and paradisaical, she saw advancing towards her, arrayed in flowing vestments, and crowned with immortal amaranths, the brave and beauteous Alcanzor, (for whom she had long cherished a tender and faithful affection;) grace and sprightliness animated his form, and more than mortal beauty glowed in his face:—drawing near he knelt at her feet.—— A train of nymphs crowded around, and taking her hand, conducted her to a temple supported by Corinthian pillars, entwined with chaplets of flowers, and throwing over her a snowy mantle, embroidered with silver, hailed her fairest of the fair! Her senses swam in pleasure, while half fainting she leant on her beloved Alcanzor. A damsel more lovely than the rest quitted her companions, and approached the enamoured pair. Presenting them with a bowl containing an intoxicating mixture, Drink! (said she) and partake of immortal felicity, of happiness that will experience neither vicissitude nor decay. The lover seizing the bowl, drank deep of its contents, and raising it to the lips of Cleanthe, she was about to taste—when a low melancholy voice sounded in her ear—Forbear! call to remembrance the dying victim—the streaming blood—the convulsive pangs—the despairing groans!—Thoughtless folly first exposed thee to danger!—Thou art now sailing down the stream of pleasure, and advancing towards the shoals of vice—despair, death, and destruction are behind!—It ceased—Cleanthe started—and dashed on the floor the poisonous beverage: a thick cloud filled the temple—it tottered from its foundation, and falling with a hideous crash—the whole vision faded away.

Cleanthe looked around, and beheld the moon and stars glittering over her head, the waving foliage of the forest which sheltered her father's mansion, and the welcome portico of his hospitable gate. She hastened towards it, and rushing in, from the soothings of parental tenderness sought consolation and repose for her perturbed and agitated spirits.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HOSPITALITY.

[From Broca's Interesting Anecdotes, just published.]

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for——" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled

spoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the Chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers

powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favorable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

CONJUGAL

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[From Broca's Interesting Anecdotes, just published.]

DURING the time of the French Revolution, when the city of Lyons became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness to see him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize upon him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's cloaths, and answering also to her husband's name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her, her husband.

"My husband," she answered, in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his."

They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. "Strike," she replied; "I am prepared." "But it is the interests of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians," she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once prevailed over their spirit of desolating cruelty.

IT is a fact well known to many persons in Paris, that the young wife of a person detained in one of the prisons, after vainly exhausting every invention and means in her power to see her husband for a moment, placed herself close to the gate of the prison, where she

she remained forty-eight hours wholly without nourishment. At length she fainted with grief, fatigue, and hunger, and lay on the ground four hours without assistance; the jailor being too much inured to cruelty to think of relieving her, and the passengers too sensible of the danger of relieving any one connected with a prisoner.

THE widow of Camille Desmoulins, young, amiable, and well informed, during the mock process which condemned her to death as an accomplice of her husband and his friend, loathing life, and anxious to follow her husband, displayed a firmness of mind that was seen with admiration even by her judges. She frequently heard the questions put to her with a smile expressive of her conscious dignity. When she heard the sentence pronounced, she exclaimed, "I shall then in a few hours again meet my husband!" And then turning to her judges, she said, "In departing from this world, in which nothing now remains to engage my affections, I am less the object of pity than you are; for you must feel all the unhappiness inflicted by conscious crimes, till the moment when an ignominious death shall overtake you."

Previous to her going to the scaffold, she dressed herself with uncommon attention and taste. Her head dress was peculiarly elegant; a white gauze handkerchief, partly covering her beautiful black hair, added to the clearness and brilliancy of her complexion. On seeing her ascend the cart that conveyed her to the place of execution, one might almost have supposed, from her happy countenance, that she was going to a festival. On the road she conversed in a cheerful manner with a young man who sat beside her, and who was also condemned to die. Being come to the foot of the scaffold, she ascended the steps with resignation, and even unaffected pleasure. She received the fatal blow without appearing to regard what the executioner was doing.

School

School of Arts.

NO. XLII.

TRANSPARENCIES.

TRANSPARENCIES being now so generally admired by the fashionable world, as to be a necessary appendage to every entertainment that can boast of elegance and taste, a short account of the process may not be unacceptable.

The great expence of painted glass precludes its ever coming into general use as a decoration for Gothic rooms, grottos, hermitages, or other ornamental buildings; but, by the introduction of this new and beautiful style of painting, it is nearly equalled; and when managed with taste and judgment, the effect is wonderful and pleasing. For painted lamps and lanterns, to hang in a hall, or staircase, or placed on a supper table, they surpass, for taste or elegance, every thing that has yet been invented: and a slight knowledge of drawing, and the management of colours, will enable any person to produce a number of pleasing subjects in this elegant art.

Begin by tracing the design on fine wove paper, of a moderate thickness, mounted on a straining frame, for the convenience of turning to the light when you want to see the effect to be produced in laying on the colours. For the dark or most shadowy parts of the drawing, brown pink and umber are the best; but when wanted very deep, ivory black, prepared with gum-water, must be used; and, to produce proper effect, be laid on both sides of the drawing. The lighter parts to be done with the most transparent colours; and those intended to be the brightest, must be carefully touched, some on one side, and others on both sides, with spirits of turpentine, or transparent varnish.

The

The most interesting subjects are moonlights, forges, conflagrations, banditti in caves with torches, internal views of Gothic buildings with painted glass, &c. &c. &c.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESSES.

1. A white sarcenet hat, lined with pink sarcenet, and trimmed with white, and pink ostrich feathers. Pink sarcenet dress, open in front, and fastened with sprigs of convolvolus and blue riband. Shoes and gloves white.

2. A turban of lilac sarcenet, with a lace veil, and green and white wreath. Dress, white muslin, with a spencer of lilac sarcenet, inlaid with lace.

WALKING DRESSES.

3. A hat of blue persian, with blue feathers. Spanish cloak, of white muslin; and blue muslin dress, with a white cape.

4. A hat of white persian, with an ostrich feather. Dress, white muslin, and lace tucker drawn close in the neck. Cloak of black lace, bound with black velvet, open on the left arm.

*** The prevailing colours are pink, lilac, blue, puce, and straw colour.

The

Wirgman, Dress Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

Payne, Milliner, Old Bond Street.

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1802.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

NO more the thunders of the plain,
The fiery battle's iron shower,
Terrific, drown the duteous strain
That greets our Monarch's natal hour:
Peace, soaring high on seraph wings,
Now strikes her viol's golden strings;
Responsive to the thrilling note,
Symphonious strains of rapture float;
While grateful myriads in the pæan join,
And hail her angel voice, and bless her form divine.

II.

Through many a whirlwind's blast severe,
The rage of elemental war,
Stern heralds of the opening year,
Sol urges on his burning car:
Though dark the wintry tempest lowers,
Though keen are April's icy showers,
Still, still his flaming coursers rise,
Till, high in June's refulgent skies,
'Mid the blue arch of heaven he victor rides,
And spreads of light and heat the unextinguish'd tides.

III.

Glory's true sons, that hardy race,
Who bravely o'er the briny flood,
Smiling serene in Danger's face,
Uncheck'd by tempests, fire, and blood,
Britain's triumphant flag unfurl'd,
The terror of the wat'ry world;
Now freely to the favoring gale
Of Commerce spread the peaceful sail,
And friendly waft from every shore,
Where Ocean's subject billows roar,
The gifts of Nature, and the works of toil,
Produce of every clime and every soil.
The Genius of the Sister Isles
On the rich heap exulting smiles—
"Mine the prime stores of earth's remotest zone,
"Her choicest fruits and flowers, her treasure all my own."

IV.

Nor second you 'mid Glory's radiant train,
Who o'er the tented field your ensigns spread;
Whether on Linscelles' trophied plain
Before your ranks superior numbers fled;
Or on Irene's kindred coast
Ye crush'd invasion's threat'ning host;
Or on fam'd Egypt's sultry sands
The banner tore from Gallia's veteran bands:
Your sinewy limbs, with happier toil,
Now till your country's fertile soil,
Mow with keen scythe the fragrant vale,
Or whirl aloft the sounding flail;
Or bow with many a sturdy stroke,
King of our groves, the giant oak;
Or now, the blazing hearth beside,
With all a soldier's honest pride,
To hoary sires and blooming maidens tell,
Of gallant Chiefs who fought, who conquer'd, or who fell.

V.

Yet, in the arms of Peace reclin'd,
Still flames the free, the ardent mind;
And should again Sedition's roar,
Or hostile inroad threat our shore,
From Labor's field, from Commerce' wave,
Eager would rush the strong, the brave,
To form an adamantine zone
Around their patriot Monarch's throne.
But long, with Plenty in her train,
May Concord spread her halcyon reign,
And join with festive voice the lay sincere,
Which sings th' auspicious morn to Britain ever dear.

THE

BLIND MAN'S PETITION.

IN IMITATION OF THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

AH! stay awhile, and sympathize with me,
And list the sorrows of a troubled mind;
Oh, smooth the thorny couch of misery!
For see, I am both wretched, poor, and blind.

The loving partner of my breast forlorn,
No more can ease the galling yoke of Care.
Alas! she fell at Penury's sad dawn,
A victim to the canc'ring fiend, Despair.

But Heav'n deny'd these rolling balls to view
The sad emotions of her fleeting breath;
For, as I sped to sigh the last adieu,
The vivid lightning seal'd my eyes in Death.

Forgive the tear. Alas! alas! t'will flow,
An off'ring to her matchless worth consign'd;
'Twill ease the burthen of my grief and woe,
And stay the impulse of my frantic mind.

My friendly cur see pities my distress,
And licks the sorrows from my furrow'd cheek:
His actions all his sympathy express;
His looks, I ween, are more than words can speak.

My sons, supporters of my aged years,
With Abercromby fought, and nobly died:
They share the tribute of a country's tears;
And have a wretched father's tears beside!

Ah ye, who view the glorious orb of day!
And thoughtless join the giddy round of joy!
Reflect, as yet you keep the flow'ry way,
That Heav'n can all your brightest hopes destroy.

I once, like you, was jocund, blith, and young;
I too was fed at Luxury's gay board;
But Time has chang'd the accents of my tongue,
And rob'd my breast of all my heart had stor'd.

But why repine? for Heav'n is just and kind,
And moulds the heart in Pity's softning glow;
To sooth the anguish of a troubled mind,
And ease the bosom, though depress'd with woe!

Ah, pity then the sorrows of my breast,
And lend a friendless, poor Blind Man your mite;
And may your rolling years on earth be blest,
And, oh, may Heav'n your charity requite!

S***h

Tooley-Street,
5th June, 1802.

AN HOUR AFTER THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

STILL, still, yon music's dreadful wail
Will pierce this tortur'd ear!
I see th' inverted lances trail
Before my soldier's bier!

Stop not these wild and frantic feet,
Ye sorrow-breathing train;
I come my Henry's corse to meet,
To mourn my Henry slain!

Sweet maid, look round, thy tears forego;
Where Britain's standards wave,
Her valiant sons, in speechless woe,
Lean o'er thy hero's grave!

The myrtle there, and laurel shade,
Shall spread their mingling boughs;
And there, the martial youth and maid
Shall plight their parting vows!

JOVANNA.

THE ASTROLOGER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE.

A POOR Astrologer, they say,
Went out to walk one luckless day:
Heedless he stray'd, when, sad to tell!
He tumbled, souse, into a well!
Some wags came up, and, with a sneer,
Thus play'd upon the *fallen seer*.
" Fool, when the *ground* deceives thine eyes,
" Should'st thou pretend to read the *skies*?"

This fact, without another word,
An useful lesson might afford.
Full many, in the present age,
Resemble this ill-fated sage,
Who hold as firmly as their creed,
That men the book of fate may read.
But what's this wond'rous book of fate,
That ancient authors celebrate?
With them, 'tis *chance, without design:*
With us, 'tis *Providence divine.*

Now, from mere chance we nothing know,
Else 'twere absurd to call it so:
Chance is uncertain, Fortune's blind,
And 'scape all foresight of the mind.
As for the purposes of God,
Who rules all nature by his nod,
Whose pow'r did ev'ry thing produce,
But nought without its proper use,
HE only knows them: let not man
Presume his vast designs to scan.

Grant on the front of stars he write
What future times have hid in night;
For what great end? 't employ the wit
Of those who on the sphere have writ?
Or teach us, as thro' Heav'n they glide,
Ills unavoidable 't avoid?
Or with *foreboding fear* 't annoy,
And poison ev'ry *present* joy?
Or torture with anticipation,
And curse with bliss in expectation?
'Tis worse than error in the brain,
'Tis sin such doctrines to maintain:
Repugnant to our sense they seem,
Nor worthy of the Pow'r Supreme.

The stars their errands still repeat,
The sun dispenses light and heat;
In constant order, as decreed,
His rays the shades of night succeed.
But what uncommon doctrine, pray,
Do those phenomena convey?
Why, that the day succeeds the night;
And when the sun shines, it is light!
He leads the year, feeds what we sow,
And sheds his warmth on all below!
But see how *regular* appears
The motion of the Heav'nly spheres!
Then what agreement can we trace
'Twixt *them* and *fickle Fortune's face?*

J. B.

SONG,

ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO HER LOVER,

To whom she had fled for Protection from the Tyranny of a cruel Father. When she arrived, the young Man expressed his Alarm, that her Character might suffer by the Action.

TURN, turn away, Orlando dear!
Nor meet my blushing eye;
Heed not this swift repentant tear,
Nor yet my bosom's sigh.

Blame not this fond confiding heart,
Which form'd the rash decree;
Nor from my soul its virtue part,
For refuge sought with thee!

CONSTANTIA.

THE LARK.

SWEET are the notes the lark begins
When morning dawn appears,
When high aloft, on nimble wings,
The throngless air he cheers.

How

How pleasing to the woodman's ear
His blithsome cadence seems,
When o'er the dew-dropt fields he winds,
To greet the solar beams!

So in the dawn of infant days,
When strength permits the lay,
Our tongue should sound our Maker's praise
At dawn of every day.

For when the bending hand of Time
Unbinds the mental powers,
How weak, alas! is every lay,
How short our accent soars!

THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

IN a coombe amid the wood
The little lonely dwelling stood,
A winding coombe and deep;
The hills that rose behind, before,
With aged trees were cover'd o'er,
Rising high and steep.
In summer-time those leafy trees
Made a sweet music to the breeze,
And many a bird, their boughs among,
Sung blithe a cheerful song.
But now the boughs were brown and bare,
The elm and ash their leaves had shed,
Only the oak and beech were red,
With dry leaves rustling there.

There flow'd a little brook before
That solitary cottage-door;
A four years child could pass it o'er
Dry-shod in summer time:
It was a summer stream so clear,
That you had lov'd to pause and look
At the bright pebbles in the brook,
And green-weed trailing long:
And 'twas a soothing sound to hear
Its waters as they flow'd along;
But rapid now it rush'd and strong,
Roaring wide a turbid tide.

Yet

Yet in a sun-shiny day,
The wint'ry woods, that were so gray,
Made a cheerful scene;
For on the rising, here and there,
You saw among the branches bare,
The holly glossy green,
With its red berries cluster'd bright
Amid the gay leaves keen,
And all the ground, with leaves embrown'd,
Shone rich in the sun light.

STANZAS TO MELANCHOLY.

MILD pensive Beauty, deign to throw
O'er Anna's form thy vest of snow;
That vest, replete with magic pow'r,
To sooth her in Affliction's hour;
And with it all thy softness fling,
While now she sweeps the thrilling string.

Beneath the alder's cooling shade
I've mark'd *thee*—sweet dejected maid!
When day's bright orb resplendent shone
Meridian from his burnish'd zone,
Thine *eye* such tender feeling show'd,
Grief center'd in the bright abode.

Immers'd in thought, near yonder rill,
That heaves beneath thy fav'ring hill;
By fading ev'ning's crimson fire,
'Twas thine to view the light retire;
To trace the streaks of gold and gray,
That beautify'd departing Day.

And too within thy moss-trimm'd bow'r,
Ere morn array'd the twilight hour,
By the sad lamp's expiring rays,
Thou'st sung Love's disappointed lays:
But ah! so moving was the strain,
Pale Envy wish'd to taste of *pain*.

As sauntering o'er the breezy lawn,
Gem'd with the dews of rosy dawn,
The lark, attentive to the lyre,
Forgets his feather'd warbling choir,
And all delighted tunes his throat,
To catch thy far more pleasing note.

But

But oh! when on the high-cleft rock,
Thou brav'st the elemental shock
Of wind and rain, and lightning's flash,
And thunder's loud impiercing crash:
When thus in all thy pow'r thou'rt seen,
O then thou'rt known for Sorrow's Queen!

In vain thou bid'st the storm retire,
Th' electric streams of silver fire,
That shoot with cheerless blaze the shore,
Where Ocean's stranded billows roar:
Nor storm, nor fire, nor ocean pays
Attention to thy pow'rless lays.

Borne down at length by keen Despair,
When sprites mildew the sombre air,
When not a lingering star remains,
And life forsakes thy feeble veins;
Thou sink'st on Evening's shadowy breast,
The hapless victim of a hopeless rest!

ANNA MARIA.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. SHARP, MUSICIAN.

BY MRS. OPIE.

COLD are the lips whose gentle force
The reed to sweetest strains compell'd;
Hush'd is the breath whose ready course
In lengthen'd tone the cadence swell'd.

Lov'd child of feeling! now no more
Thy tones the soul of taste shall feed;
And we, in Music's brightest hour,
Shall sigh, and miss thy tuneful reed.

With thee to our neglected plains
The soul of genuine Music came;
Taste, Genius, fir'd us in thy strains,
While all thy precepts fann'd the flame.

But short the boast; those strains so dear
No more the choral throng shall lead—
Yet still in grateful Mem'ry's ear
Will sweetly sound thy tuneful reed.

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

WHEN dew-breathing Eve, in gray mantle array'd,
O'er the world, with mild sceptre, her empire resum'd;
When the moon's silver beams thro' the branches oft play'd,
And with modest effulgence the landscape illum'd;
Near yon brook, which glides gently in murmurs away,
Where vi'lets and daisies embroider the green,
In pastime, forgetting the toils of the day,
The youth of the village disporting were seen.

Acasto the hoary, for wisdom rever'd,
Whose precepts had long the rude villagers sway'd,
To all by attractive benev'lence endear'd,
With silent attention their gambols survey'd;
And oft as the loud vacant laugh caught his ear,
The dew of compassion distill'd from his eye;
He wip'd from his time-furrow'd cheek the warm tear,
Then lean'd on his staff, and thus spoke, with a sigh:

" Play on, happy youth! who, with innocence blest,
" In thoughtless amusements your moments employ;
" Your sports, how enliv'ning! how balmy your rest!
" Nor cares deeply-rankling your peace to destroy!
" Nor yours those false joys, quickly ending in pain;
" Nor passions, fierce-blazing, with reason at strife:
" This season, ah! cherish, nor wish to be men!
" Ah! guiltless enjoy the mild morning of life!

" Too soon to this calm will rough tempests succeed;
" (This truth, ye belov'd, with reluctance I tell!)
" Unnumber'd obstructions your bliss will impede,
" And Time the bright visions of Fancy dispel!
" Too soon each soft bosom, where Peace holds her reign,
" The shafts of misfortune and anguish must prove;
" Too soon the salt tear your blithe features distain;
" Sad tribute to friendship, to duty, or love!

" Or Envy, or Avarice, your souls shall enthral,
" Or fiery Ambition, aspiring to fame;
" Or dark brooding Calumny, bloated with gall,
" Your cheering pretensions to favor disclaim:
" Chill Want, or Disease, will your vigor repress,
" Or care-wrinkl'd Age surely wasting, tho' slow;
" Or Guilt's sable horrors your bosoms distress;
" Each moment embittering, enhancing each woe!

" Acasto

" Acasto, like you, could once frolic and play;
" (Smiling Hope ever painted new scenes of delight;)
" Like you, could with cheerfulness toil thro' the day,
" And spend in unbroken soft slumbers the night:
" Now palsied, decrepid, and bending with years,
" In vain a short respite from anguish he prays;
" No soul-soothing pleasures his bosom e'er cheers,
" Save that with which Virtue her vot'ries repays!

" But Virtue, alas! how imperfect below!
" And man, how inconstant, how feeble, how frail!
" By the wild gusts of passion oft driv'n to and fro,
" He flies like the feather which floats in the gale.
" Ah! be cautious betimes, then, your innocence prize,
" And let Virtue your every affection engage:
" The enchantments of Vice, and her pleasures, despise,
" Nor in youth hoard up pain and repentance for age.

" Think not from those tears, that Acasto desires
" Your flow of gay spirits, brisk Health's rosy glow,
" Or that vigor unbroke which your gambols inspires;
" He envies no pleasures which these can bestow:
" He weeps for that bliss which with innocence dwells,
" Too often despis'd for vice, folly, or strife:
" This gem the fam'd treasures of India excels;
" 'Tis the dew-drop of heav'n, the nepenthe of life!

" How long, of this blessing depriv'd, must he mourn,
" And his stains, time-contracted, with sorrow bewail!
" How long must his soul with keen anguish be torn,
" And remorse, deeply-stinging, his bosom assail!"
He ceas'd, and in silence gave vent to his sighs;
But silence expressive his feelings display'd:
A fresh trickling torrent burst forth from his eyes,
As stern recollection his failings pourtray'd.

SONNET.

HORNSEY, to me how sweet, how justly dear,
Each modest charm thy well-known scenery yields!
Thy sea-beat shore, thy island-spangled mere,
Thy airy walks, bright meads, and cultur'd fields!

For that when first these charms to witness brought
By wayward Fortune, friendless and unknown,
Benignus deign'd the timid youth to note;
My converse wish'd, and bless'd me with his own!

With fostering hand he lib'rally supply'd
The mental food which most my soul desir'd:
His friendship fill'd my heart with honest pride;
His precepts form'd me, his example fir'd!

While thro' my veins the crimson tide shall roll,
For this thy scenes shall e'er delight my grateful soul!

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Pen-man.

NEW CHARADES.

MY First is a globulous light,
In a beautiful radiate sphere;
But whether it shineth by *Night*,
Or by *Day*, does not clearly appear.

My Second resides in the sea,
My whole in the region of air;
And once it implor'd to be *free*,
Said an Author, whose fame is most fair.

CHARADE II.

My Firſt is a Man that's facetious;
My Second's the Preter of Go;
My whole is a carriage that's tedious,
From morning progressively slow.

Correspondence, &c.

We have to acknowledge a number of favors from different Correspondents, which accumulate so fast, that it is impossible to notice them all separately; but must beg that, in future, they will be so good as to transmit them to the Publisher as early in the month as possible.

Dorinda's *Defence of the Fair* is *well meant, but we believe unnecessary.*

The "Fading Flower" *resembles the subject, being very faint, weak, and drooping.*

We should be happy to comply with B's *request, but fear it would not be agreeable to many of our readers.*

Mrs. Glover.

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